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BROWNSVILLE, TEXAS, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1905.

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STENOGRAPHER'S ENGLISH.

Some Blunders That Make the Employer's Life a Burden.

In some stenographic systems an arbitrary sign may stand for one, two, or even three words. Sometimes the mistranslation of one of these signs leads to funny results. "The deed shocked the nation to the heart-core," was what was said, and the typewriter evolved, "The dead shocked the notion to the hard car." "The rumor was but transient, though," was hardly recognizable as "The rammer was trains end through." A rear-end collision was evidently in that girl's mind.

"As manna fed the Jews," was ingeniously tortured by another young woman into, "As mamma fed the jays." Yet she was a Sunday-school teacher.

"Plays, creeps, and laughs, the innocent," crooned the man, one day, mouthing the opening lines of some projected baby verses. When the typewriter tapped out, "Plays craps and leaves the innocent," he scanned her visage closely.

He said, "The voice of Doctor Jocelyn was heard calling for assistance," and it came out, "The vice of Doctor Josh Lane was hard killing four assistants."

When "But she held Jake too dearly for that, and so—passed on," was dictated, and it came out, "But she held Jacks, two, drawing for that and so passed, one," would it have been unjust to credit the girl at the machine with an elementary knowledge of gambling?

Occasionally a new beast or bird is discovered by the typewriter, thus: "The sea-quail was, etc.," the intention being "the sequel was, etc." This was in line with a blunder made by the same girl, who had avowed that "a gull sunk the schooner," instead of "a gale." On another occasion she declared that a pair of lovers "hatched up a pretty squirrel," instead of their having "patched up a petty quarrel."

Having confessed that once upon a time she had been a waitress in a popular restaurant, the reason is clear why "Foist the males of the dynasty" was clicked out, "First, the meals of the dynnersty." This sounds like a "made-up," but it is fearful fact.

"The President was heard with acclaim," dictated the man, "The present was hard with a clam," was what the typewriter insisted that he had said, as she tearfully hunted for her notes.—Success Magazine.

A Case of Hard Luck.

Two Irishmen, employed in the building of a sky-scraper in lower New York, were rival strong men, and seized every chance to prove superiority in physical prowess, says Harper's Weekly. There was a difference of opinion among their fellow laborers, as to which was the stronger of the two, and after much discussion Riley bet McGinnis that he could carry him safely to the sixth story of the building. The bet was accepted, and, in the presence of an expectant crowd, Riley began his laborious task. He ascended the ladder safely until he reached the fifth story, when, to the consternation of the spectators, he was seen to stagger, almost dropping his burden. By a great effort, however, he recovered himself, and finally deposited McGinnis on the sixth floor.

"I've done it, McGinnis!" he exclaimed, triumphantly.

"That yez did, Riley," answered McGinnis, in a disappointed voice; "but I had great hopes when yez stumbled at the fifth story."

Weather Report

New Orleans, Oct. 31.—Tonight showers. Colder Wednesday; light to fresh northerly winds. CLINE.

THE PATCH PAID.

The Story of a Young Carpenter Who Believed in Doing the Smallest Job Well.

Some years ago, in a small town of the middle west, a young man who was just beginning to work as a journeyman carpenter, was hired to patch a fence by one of the petty officeholders of the place. "Don't put any unnecessary work on it," the man said. "I just want it sufficiently strong to keep out any stray livestock, and being over there out of sight behind the shrubbery, it won't matter what it looks like. It isn't worth more than a dollar; if you're willing to do it for that, go ahead."

The young man went to work and spent the best part of the day on the job. When he went for his pay his employer said, "You haven't just finished, have you? What's the matter with you, anyway?" and he went out to look at the "patch." It was not only substantially done, but with the utmost neatness and care.

"I told you I didn't care how it looked, didn't I?" said the owner, angrily. "Now you'll be wanting three-quarters of a day's pay—"

"I said I'd do it for a dollar," returned the workman, shouldering his tools, "because I wanted the money. If I'd finished it in half the time and gone home I should only have been sitting around there doing nothing. I did the work to suit myself. Now if the price suits you, that's the end of it."

"Well, you're a mighty foolish boy, that's all I've got to say," replied the other, turning on his heel as he handed over the money.

Not long after this the young carpenter went to a neighboring town and steadily worked his way up. Some ten years later the owner of the patched fence had risen to the position of county commissioner, and his little town was a growing city, about to erect a number of fine municipal buildings. Among the many applicants for the contract, which, beside being an important one financially, would undoubtedly make an enviable name for its successful bidder, the commissioner noticed a name that seemed in some way familiar to him. After a moment he recalled the incident of the patched fence, which had really made a much deeper impression on him than he had allowed himself to admit at the time. The estimate of the young carpenter, who was now a contractor, proved to be a reasonable one, and the work was given into his hands.

"You want bond—" the man began.

"No," returned the commissioner, "it won't be necessary in this case, I think. That patch you once put on my fence is guarantee enough. It's standing yet."—Indianapolis Journal.

MUST RESPECT UNIFORM.

Employee Who Felt Disgraced by Having Navy Officer as Roomer Was Discharged.

A recent dispatch from Washington says Secretary Bonaparte has expressed in a decided manner his determination that the uniform of an enlisted man of the navy shall be respected wherever it may be seen. Because an employee of the Norfolk navy yard, who had leased rooms to a petty officer of the navy and thereafter cancelled the contract because, as he said, the presence in his home of a man in navy uniform would tend to lower him in the esteem of his neighbors, that employee was forthwith dismissed from the navy yard upon the order of the Secretary, who says in his order that the employee whose attitude toward the uniform is such as his is unsuitable for employment by the department.

FEATS OF WIRELESS.

Local Station at Galveston Heard New York Talking to Chicago.

There must have been something potent in the pure air that enveloped the country yesterday, or something magnetic in the skilled touch which Manager Thurston of the De Forest wireless telegraph station gave the instrument here in making repair. At least the reports which came from the wireless station at the foot of Tenth street in regard to sounds that were transmitted with wireless yesterday were very unusual.

Mr. Thurston began by saying that at 7:30 last night he communicated with the Mallory liner Concho, 230 miles out in the Gulf and inbound for Galveston. The boat, he said, was sailing in clear weather and hoped to dock here by noon today. More interesting information was in store, however, for the operator of the wireless next announced that the wireless instrument on the "West Virginia," upon which President Roosevelt left New Orleans yesterday morning for Washington, had been clearly heard to communicate with another wireless station up the Mississippi in Louisiana. The "West Virginia," he said, must have been no less than 500 miles from Galveston at the time these messages were heard. The climax was reached, however, when Manager Thurston announced that he had heard New York talking to Chicago by wireless.

"I was talking with the Concho at the time," said, "and the call of New York was so strong that it knocked out the message I was receiving. It was the big, thirty-five-kilowatt instrument on Manhattan Beach, the largest in this country. I don't know how to explain it unless it is because of some tinkering that I have been doing around here today. I have been putting in some screws, and working with the jars here, and it must be that. But what do you think of wireless? It won't be long until we are talking to Venus. The system certainly has made rapid advances. Think of what it was three years ago. Sometimes then the operator had to pick up a screw driver or something and peck on the box before he could get the instrument to take the sound. He would get right in the middle of a word and there the thing would stop, and the screw driver had to be resorted to.

"When I heard the 'West Virginia' tonight she was asking the station up the Mississippi whether she wanted a long press report. I tried at once to get into communication with the President's boat, but although I could hear them, they were unable to hear me, and I could not get the message.—Galveston News.

The Empire of Dollars.

Wall Street is the capital of the Empire of Dollars. Like all other capitals, it has its intrigues, its favorites, its duels, its cabals, and its camarillas; and like all other capitals, it gives its color to those who spend their lives there. It has even a sort of patriotic—"wolf honor"—which brings its citizens together, at times, in defense of the dollar and of property rights.

The Empire of Dollars is not altogether a noble spectacle. We are not thrilled at the mere thought of those Venice bankers who "financed" the Crusades. We do not like to think of those Wall Street manipulators who tried to corner the gold supply during our Civil War, when the nation needed gold.—Samuel Merwin in Success.

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